

## SONNET XII.



IF my heavenly sighs must prove  
annoy

(Which are the sweetest music  
to my heart)\* Let it suffice, I count them  
as my joy i

Sweet bitter joy, and pleasant painful  
smart! For when my breast is clogged with  
thousand cares<sub>3</sub>

That my poor loaded heart is like to  
break; Then every sigh doth question <sup>ee</sup>  
How it fares ? "

Seeming to add their strength, which  
makes me weak. Yet, for they friendly are, I  
entertain them ;

And they too well are pleased with their  
host. But I, had not FIDESSA been, ere now,  
had slain them !

It's for her cause they live! in her, they  
boast! They promise help, but when they  
see her face; They fainting, yield! and  
dare not sue for grace !

## SONNET XIII.



COMPARE me to the child that plays with fire !

Or to the fly that dieth in the  
flame! Or to the foolish boy that did  
aspire

To touch the Glory of high heaven's  
frame ! Compare me to LEANDER struggling  
in the waves,

Not able to attain his safety's shore!  
Or to the sick, that do expect their  
graves!

Or to the captive crying evermore!  
Compare me to the weeping wounded  
hart\*

Moaning with tears the period of his  
life ! Or to the boar that will not feel  
the smart,

When he is stricken with the butcher's  
knife! No man to these, can fitly me  
compare: These live to die ! I die to live in  
care!